

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. VI, No. 8.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

While, with melodramatic fervor, several of those who were largely responsible for the recent excitement in municipal affairs, assure us that the end is not yet, the last week has been a period of comparative calm at the city hall. The feature was not the lopping off of official heads, but a number of substantial salary increases. The "investigating committee" (an ominous phrase suggestive of the Committee of Public Safety of revolutionary times) is said to be proceeding with its work, but in the meanwhile Ald. Millar's motion has not been passed and the commissioners have proceeded to advertise for successors to the deposed superintendents.

Mr. Bouillon's position has been considerably strengthened by the testimony which has been given to the value of his work in Seattle by Mr. Leonard, a prominent business man of that city, who happened to be in Edmonton this week, and by Mr. Booth, the newly appointed superintendent of the Hudson's Bay stores here, who has severed an important commercial connection in Seattle. It would have helped Mr. Bouillon very materially if those who were responsible for his coming here had in the first place made more widely known the standing of the man they asked the city to pay \$10,000 a year to. The idea of getting a man who was worth this money appealed to most people as an excellent one, but there was always considerable doubt as to whether the council knew just what it was doing in making the appointment. Having taken the responsibility for it, however, the mayor and aldermen, who with two exceptions are the same men as last year, will make themselves ridiculous if they do not give him a proper chance to show what he can accomplish.

The salary increases include an advance from \$2,400 to \$3,600 for the mayor. This is a large jump, and it would have been better to have made it at the close of a year rather than at the beginning, for obvious reasons, but there is no question that a man who undertakes so large a responsibility as is now incumbent on the head of such a municipality as Edmonton, deserves a large reimbursement. Commissioner Butchart gets \$3,000 instead of \$2,700, Secretary-Treasurer Groskill \$3,400 instead of \$1,800, while City Assessor McMillan has \$2,500 income on which to assess himself instead of \$2,400.

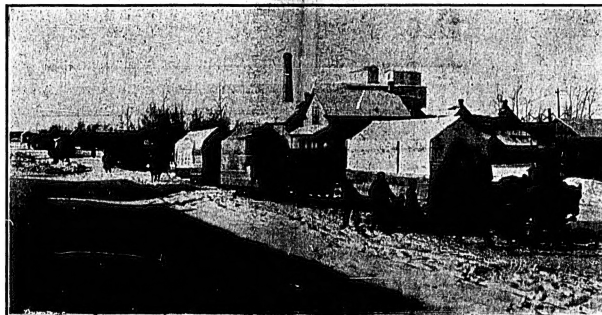
The most important change is that by which City Solicitor Brown receives \$3,000 instead of \$1,800 and is called upon to devote his whole time to the service of the city. Quarters are to be fitted up for him and a staff in the city buildings. This was something that had to come, and the move at the present time is a wise one. With the expansion of the different departments, however, one must wonder where accommodation is to be found for them all. They are scattered about in different places now, to the inconvenience of the public and the officials themselves. The existing buildings have to be tinkered with and added to. Is it economical to continue this state of things? Shouldn't the project of erecting a city hall be taken up without delay. What city hall of Edmonton's size, anywhere in the Dominion, tries to get along without one? It must come eventually. What is there to be gained by waiting?

The school board has been investigating a number of charges arising out of some of the teachers' methods of enforcing discipline. The exact truth in regard to matters like this is difficult to arrive at, and it seems to me that there is no need to make a public issue out of the methods under discussion. The remedy can quite safely be left to the trustees.

The cancelling of the license of the Grand Central Hotel by the provincial board must be recognized by everyone as a very serious step. Such action must involve a direct loss of several thousand dollars and no one will believe that it would be taken lightly by the gentlemen composing the board. But there can be no question of the need of strict enforcement of the law. Those who would deal leniently with proven offences against it are the poorest kind of friends of the men who are engaged in the business. Loose administration must have speedy effect in strengthening the agitation for more extreme measures of control.

Let it not be said, hereafter, that Eastern journalists pass through the West and learn nothing of consequence about it. The editor of Canadian Collier's was with us last summer. He notes that W. R. Holt, the London Mail's lightning correspondent, found nine hundred and ninety-nine different kinds

OFF TO PEACE RIVER.



A party starting from Edmonton on their four hundred mile journey to Grande Prairie last week. This scene is now becoming a familiar one.

of cocktails in America. "But why?" he asks, "was Canada overlooked? There are special delights to be discovered at the Union Club, St. John, not to mention the Garrison Club, Quebec, and the Vancouver Club in the beautiful city of that name. The Ranchers' Club of Calgary will pit its Palace Cleaners against any cocktail in creation. Mr. Holt is not a complete authority until he has sampled one."

With all the criticism to which municipal government is exposed on this continent, it is, in many respects, carried on in a much more sensible and business-like fashion than our national, provincial and state administrations. For instance, Edmonton appointed a new fire chief last week, promoting a man next in the order of seniority. What if the city had brought in some politician, who knew nothing about fire fighting, and put him at the head of the brigade? If the fire department had been under the Dominion government this is what would have happened. Such a proceeding would have been no more ridiculous than that followed in the selection of the ordinary Dominion official. The Postal World, which is published in the interest of the postal service of Canada, has something to say about the appointment of postmasters on a political basis. It contends that clerks and other minor officials in the post offices of the land should have promotion to look forward to as the natural reward of faithful labors. It sums up its case as follows:

"On the one hand we have a civil service commission whose duty it shall be to test and pass upon the qualifications of candidates for admission to the service, and for promotion in the service, and on the other, clergymen, professional and business men, manufacturers, mechanics, in fact the large majority of the Canadian people, calmly submitting to the gross injustice of a Liberal or Conservative Association passing upon the names, not the qualifications, of candidates for the vacant position of postmaster. The claim thus set forth is so reasonable that one wonders that the pernicious system in force has persisted so long."

There is little or no reason to doubt that the reciprocity arrangement will come into force. President Taft has handled the members of Congress very effectively, and shown himself a much better politician than he has up to the present been given the credit of being.

That it is a large advantage to Canada there can be no question. How anyone can argue to the contrary is difficult to understand. It isn't a matter of free trade or protectionist theory. Those who hold to the latter express themselves as quite as anxious as anybody to sell to the foreigner as much as possible. They refer with pride to what Canadian manufacturers are able to do in the markets of the world. All that they want to avoid is that the foreigner should sell to us.

Why, then, should they be opposed to an arrangement which, so far as practical effect goes, leaves Canada's fiscal system as it has been up to the present. The only Canadian producer, who fears competition and whose protection is impaired, is the fruit-grower. Apart from this one industry, the increase of importations from the United States into Canada that will be brought about by the new tariff is infinitesimal.

On the other hand a very large market will be opened up for our natural products in the country to the south. It is hard to argue that this is not desirable, but if there is any doubt on that point, how can we prevent our producers selling to the people across the border, if the latter deem it wise to throw the tariff barriers on certain commodities down?

Greater political ineptitude was never shown

than by those Conservative papers which are now trying to make capital against the Canadian government because of what has been done. Anyone who goes into the matter at all thoroughly should be able to see that our representatives had little more than what is called in stage parlance a "thinking part" in the whole negotiations. Mr. Taft wanted to lower the American tariff and went through the form of a bargain simply to help in securing the adoption of his ideas, knowing as he did that the people who elected him would like to think that in return for tariff reductions they were getting something in return. Now for the Canadian Opposition to blame the government for what it has done is to give it the credit in many people's minds that it does not deserve.

As for the attitude of those in the old land who are talking so wildly about Canada's slipping away from the imperial moorings, it is foolish in the extreme. The Pall Mall Gazette, for instance, declares that Canada must bid a "long farewell to all her greatness, and relapse into a state of contented and progressive provincialism as the handmaiden of American trusts, and the contributor of the fifty-first star to the flag which will rule the continent."

If our farmers cannot sell their products to our nearest neighbors without impairing our loyalty and showing a desire to throw in our lot with them, the aforesaid loyalty cannot be worth very much. If the imperial preference were affected by the move, there might be some reason to be alarmed. But our duties on no goods that we import from Great Britain have been touched.

Great Britain is very much stirred up about a letter which an American woman journalist wrote to a butler, who had advertised for a situation. It ran as follows:

"I shall be pleased to hear from you if you have half an hour to spare once or twice a week and would care to turn it into cash by writing me a long, gossipy letter about well-known people in English society who stay in houses where you are employed. I pay liberally and settle each month. I write for some American papers which insist on having current gossip, amusing stories, etc., about well-known people over here. I buy large quantities of such letters regularly. If you think you would care to double or treble your salary on this work write me a good specimen letter. I will then write you more fully as to terms. To give you an idea of what I buy, I may say that just now anything about Lady Gerard and the De Forests is good copy, on account of the slander cases between them now coming off; also about Dillon, the jockey, on account of the Marie Lloyd divorce suit, in which he is co-respondent; also about Lord Howard de Walden's suit for libel against Lewis. If you write I wish you would tell me if you have any friends with whom you could put me into communication among the staff of the Howard de Waldens, Lady Gerard, Baron De Forests, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Ernest Cassel, Mrs. George Keppel, or her brother, Sir Archibald Edmonstone, or at Mrs. Leeds, who has taken Mrs. Keppel's new house on Grosvenor street."

The Times heads a scorching leader on the subject: "A new pest of society," and says: "The letter is a complete revelation of the existence of a system, the existence of which has often been suspected, but never so fully exposed. It will shock and disgust all decent people and especially those of the same seed with the debased journalist who wrote the letter. The letter suggests the source of many of those stupid, nasty or exaggerated stories of English society which fill the lower sort of American newspapers. To this point has come, in the hands of

American journalists, the art of society reporting. The story and the letter throws a lurid light upon the tastes, ideals, and standards of life which flourish in a modern democracy, and which, we regret to say, are fostered by a democratic press. The heirs of all the ages are thus taught every morning to interest themselves in little tattle about the world with which they have nothing in common, and to cultivate a snobishness of which Trackeray never dreamed. This is an odious state of things, indeed, and surely something could be done to stop it, if the reputable American newspapers would take the matter up and expose the damaging nature of the news purveyed and the detestable methods of the purveyors."

Canadian readers who have had to put up with the sickening stuff that comes from these sources will sympathize with the Times in its indignation. It is high time that the newspapers of this continent should show more sense of their responsibility. From a Toronto daily before me I copy this large headline, "King Alfonso's dissipated sickly Anglo-Saxon Queen—I he has led a gay life in Paris with Gaby Deslys and other actresses and will it be patched up?"

This is a rather sudden change from all the stories of passionate devotion on the part of the Spanish monarch that we have had retailed to us up to the present. It is quite a safe guess to say that neither picture is correct.

The Gaby Deslys mentioned in the above was a few months ago reported as having been responsible for King Manuel's loss of his throne. A London journalist thought it worth while to look into these stories and found that the poor unfortunate young Manuel was, so far as anybody could tell, quite innocent of the existence of the supposedly fascinating Gaby.

King George's action in prosecuting for libel the newspaper which insisted on rehearsing the story that he had beenmorganatically married will have a good effect. It was shown to have no basis whatever and the same is probably true of all but a very small fraction of other tales of royalties.

Only during the past week our Canadian papers brought out in sensational fashion a story of a bitter quarrel between Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra. It bore all the earmarks of the work of the journalist, who uses butlers and such like as his sources of information and it is surprising that in this country at least it should be featured as it was.

There is a very prevalent idea that judges have what is commonly described as a soft snap. It appears very easy to sit up on the Bench and look wise. Those, however, who come into touch with a conscientious jurist, and most of those in this country, thank Heaven, can be thus described, know what a strain their duties impose. Just at present the Alberta judges are very much overworked and it is a matter of great necessity to appoint an additional member of the High Court Bench without delay.

This picture of a judge's life was recently presented by a friend of the new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Washington, who accompanied a deputation to ask him to leave the city to deliver a certain address:

"I want you all to realize and appreciate what none of you and very few lawyers appreciate," he is quoted as saying, while he crossed the room and pointed to a pile of paper-lack books, placed by the side of his desk-chair. There were really two piles, side by side, about four feet high. Some of the books were thin, some thick—nearly two score in all. "That gentleman," said the Chief Justice, pointing to the heap, "is why it is impossible for me to leave Washington. Those books represent the records in the cases we heard this week, and it is only Thursday now, there will be others. They must be read. They must be studied and digested. I went to bed at one o'clock this morning. I rose again at six. I have been working on those records. That is the sort of life I have led for seventeen years on the bench."

The argument was impressive, but delegations sent to obtain a speaker know that their job is to get the man's consent and not to be carried away by little human interest stories. They said they had no idea a justice had to work so hard, but wouldn't he try to make the engagement for some Saturday. "At least Saturday is free," they suggested.

The Chief Justice smiled good-naturedly. "Saturday," he exclaimed. "Why that is the day we meet in a little room back of the court, gather round a table and vote away what some poor devil thinks are his rights. Saturday is our conference day."

The delegation went away. The members piously thanked Heaven that they had not the misfortune to be a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is doubtful, so we are told, whether a single member of the Supreme Court sleeps more than six hours a night. Most of the other eighteen hours are given to their work. None of them has an automobile. They seldom give receptions or attend them. Their lives are ruled by three things—work, work, and, thirdly, more work.

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Published by

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Subscription \$1.50 per year
Edmonton and United
Service points \$2.00 per year

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"The trouble over the playing of 'fingers' that has disturbed the first season of Alberta's hockey league has been very unfortunate, but public opinion has expressed itself so strongly everywhere that it is not likely to occur another year and smoother sailing should thus be assured. It is when local sympathy is manifested with those who violate ordinary rules of fair dealing that a sport becomes hopeless. The Calgary papers by their outspokenness have done the cause of hockey the greatest service. It is necessary to draw up the strictest kind of rules and have a committee which will see to it that they are enforced to the letter. Mr. John Ross Robertson, of Toronto, assisted as he was at the first by Mr. W. A. Buchanan, the Leithbridge newspaper man who became a member of the Rutherford government, did a great deal in putting the game on a good basis in Ontario. He was not willing to sit in parliament for more than one term, but for upwards of a decade he acted as president of the Ontario Hockey Association. Evidently he thought there was a bigger chance for reentering public service in the latter position, and I for one think he was right. The most active interest in sport on the part of our citizens is most desirable. There is nothing which influences the growing generation more than the games which it plays, and it is essential in the public interest that these should be conducted according to the proper methods.

Mr. Robertson, I am more than glad to see, has just turned his attention to another game, which should receive the heartiest encouragement from all who wish to see the growth of a race of virile, gentlemanly, and self-reliant young Canadians. He has offered to contribute a very valuable trophy to be emblematic of the Canadian cricket championship. It is to be placed forthwith in the hands of the winners of the Toronto cricket championship of 1920, and any Canadian club may challenge for it, after the fashion of the Stanley Cup. No player shall be eligible to compete on any team representing any club challenging for this trophy who is not a bona-fide member of his club and in good standing and who has not been a continuous resident in the town or city in which the club is situated for one year before the date of the match, or who has not played for his club in at least five regular scheduled matches before the cup match. Messrs. J. W. Woods, D. W. Saunders and G. S. Lyon are made the first trustees. It would be a fine thing for Canada if ten years from now there should be a crumpled interest in the Robertson Cup, as there has been in those for the Stanley Cup up to the present.

"Junk at Play." (Mr. Francis Nelson) makes this interesting contribution to the sporting page of the Toronto Globe.

Sheehan will not mind," says a headline over the Albany despatches telling of the deadlock in the contest for the Federal States Senatorship from the State of New York. The Sheehan is Hon. Wm. F., a Buffalo man, who was formerly Lieutenant Governor of the State and who has within a dozen of the votes needed to make him the senator in succession to Mr. Chamney Dewey. The "Sheehan will not mind" fits with a recollection I hold of him, dating back to the second regatta in the history of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen. It was held over the Beach course at Hamilton, and among the four-oared crews entered were the Celtics of Buffalo. They came to Hamilton without giving any notice to the committee, of which I was secretary, and so there was nobody to receive them on their arrival. When they took their boat off the train at the Stuart street station they learned that the course was about five miles away, at the other end of the bay. The Celtics just carried their boat to the nearest wharf, rigged her and set out to row to the Beach. It was rough on the bay, and their boat was soon nearly full of water. By the time they had got about half way to their destination they had to go ashore and empty her out.

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Eventually they reached the beach a pretty tired and half-drowned lot, with a badly-stained boat, but they cheerfully tackled the task of battling with the Canadian crews in a hard race, which the Argonauts won. "Blue-eyed Billy" Sheehan was one of the Celtic four. He did not quit then, under great discouragement and physical stress, and he may be expected to "stick" now. I hold with the principle that "he who wrestles best in the play will wrestle best in the fight," and I should count Mr. Sheehan as one who would give the best that is in him to the service of the great constituency of the Empire State. Just as he battled his hardest for his four-oared crew.

Last week I described a meeting between Gunner Moir and Bombardier Wells, the foremost pugilists of England, and pointed out how much more genuine a performance it was than that to which we are accustomed on this continent. A few days ago I came across this letter which Wells sent to Moir:

Dear Gunner,—Now that you have had your wish and beaten me, I am sure that you will not refuse me a return match. It was suggested to me that I should box other men in preference to you, but, remembering our friendship, I felt that you might think it unfriendly of me not to give you the first chance.

Moreover, I feel that my friendship for you was the cause of a few mistakes I made last night. I had you, or think I had you well beaten, and yet failed to take full advantage of the situation.

You, no doubt think you could have beaten me in any event, so it is up to us to prove which is the better man. I am ready to meet you at any place you may appoint to discuss terms, etc., and I feel sure that you will not disappoint me.

Yours sincerely, Bombr. Billy Wells.

The contrast between the published utterances of Messrs. Johnson, Jeffries, Burns, etc., is too marked to need to be pointed out.

The game between the Deacons, the second champions of the Edmonton district, and the Carter seven on Tuesday night was a fast one throughout, and evenly contested for the first half. Each had a goal at half time, but the Deacons managed to score five extra after resumption of play.

Cover Point.

A MAN WITH SILVER RIBS.

The story of a wonderful operation, in which silver ribs have been supplied to a man, was told by Major A. T. Craig at a gathering of Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society in London. The occasion was the distribution of Christmas hampers subscribed for by public school boys and others. There was a box of delicacies, the Major said, which was intended for a man who was badly wounded in South Africa, and got practically all his ribs broken. He had been working in a sort of steel jacket since, until at a hospital in London a very wonderful operation had been recently performed. The man had been supplied with practically a new set of silver ribs.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle

The work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.—George Eliot

Twould save us a vast many squabbles and cares
if we would only attend to our own affairs.—Eliza Cook

"Now I have to call him father"

The Romance of a Popular Song Reenacted in Western Canada With a Few Variations.

The Regina Standard tells this story:

Because her daughter Carrie, age 13 years, would not love and marry Adam Miller, age 27 years, Mrs. Martin Saur, fair, fat, and forty, has married the man herself, and now the children of the widow who wedded again are taking legal advice. It is all no purpose, however, for Mrs. Saur being of sound mind and the

deavor to persuade Carrie to take unto herself Adam. Love had not entered into the brain of the maiden and she saw it not that way. At last her mother became angered at the girl, and insisted on the wedding taking place. Carrie was obdurate, and yielded not. She came to Regina, and took up her residence with her brother-in-law, John Manz, who lives with his wife on Rae street.



JOHN REDMOND CARICATURED.

During the recent British elections the Bystander (Unionist) published the above cartoon, which shows a typical American city in the background. Under it was inscribed "it's THEIR money we've got!"

head of a large family, had a right to marry whom she willed. The principals are all well known in Regina, and some of them live here.

Adam Miller is a farmer, of German extraction, who lives in the bluffs country, but who also has a farm near Balgonie. He had an eye for the fair Carrie, comely maiden of 13 summers and about 16 winters, but Carrie saw it not that way. Adam's wailing words fell upon ears that were deaf and his appeals were listened to by one whose heart was stone. In distraction he turned to Carrie's mother for assistance. The mother encouraged the suit, and advised Adam to decorate the home with presents. This Adam proceeded to do. A gold watch and other minor trinkets were among the presents which Carrie accepted with more or less reluctance.

Carrie's mother also helped the game along, for she advised the daughter to throw in her lot with that of Adam. Apparently she thought progress was good, for Carrie's wedding dress was made, and arrangements generally completed for the uniting of Miller and Carrie in the holy bond of matrimony.

However, Carrie did not agree, and as there could hardly be a wedding without her consent, the trouble started. In vain did her mother en-

But Mrs. Saur was not to be outdone. Adam Miller looked good for her family, so she married the boy herself. They are now spending the honeymoon on Adam's farm in the bluffs with an occasional visit to the woman's farm north of Balgonie, and are apparently quite happy. Adam Miller is 27 years of age and Mrs. Miller has passed two score years. The woman is already mother to four boys and four girls and the grandmother of one child. Her husband has been dead but a short time.

The members of the Saur family are surely not out by the marriage of their mother to Miller, and yesterday they visited the city hall to tell their tale to Bud. Precht. There is no recourse for them, however.

A NEW KNIGHT'S ROMANCE.

(London, Eng., Chronicle.)

The career of Sir John Reynolds Roberts, one of the New Year knights, furnishes a romantic chapter in London commerce. Born in London, he received his education in the Dulwich Grammar School, and was apprenticed at an early age to the textile trade, which he served four years. He then obtained a position in the well known house of Messrs. C. Meebinge and Co., of Holbornhill, and afterwards

started a business with his brother, the late Mr. T. R. Roberts, in quite a small way in Upper-street, Islington, where he remained for seven years. He then set up business on his own account at Stratford with a staff of only four assistants.

This business became so successful that, in 1894, when he disposed of it for cash to a limited company, the number of hands employed on the premises was 500. Since the sale Sir John has led the life of a country gentleman, at Salway House, Woodford Green, Essex. He takes an active and useful part in local and municipal affairs, both as a magistrate of the county of Essex and the county borough of West Ham, and a member of the Essex Sewers Commission.

Among the many charities which have profited by his generosity are the West Ham Hospital, the Grove Road Mission Hall, the Sailors' Palace, Shadwell, the Lipping (Hainault) Forest Scheme, the Canning Town Hospital for Women, the London General Porters' Benevolent Association, and the Essex and Hertfordshire Fund.

In commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee he presented to Woodford the Woodford Jubilee Hospital, which was built and equipped at his expense, and was opened by the Duke of Connaught in 1900. He also built for the Linen and Woolen Drapers' School at Purley, a new school and cloisters, and a memorial window in the main hall to the memory of his brother, the late Mr. T. R. Roberts, and provided Woodford, at his sole expense, with a parish memorial hall and a working men's club. He also purchased the Marine Mansions at Bexhill and equipped and endowed them as a convalescent home for shop assistants employed in the textile trade.

DIFFICULT TO ATTAIN.

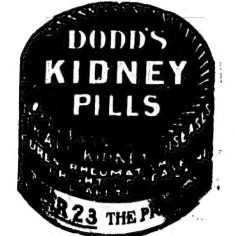
The late Richard Mansfield was one who labored long and hard to achieve the best possible in his art of dramatic representation, and who felt keenly his countrymen's deliberateness in according him due recognition. "This might be read in a little incident, told by William Winter—one showing, too, Mansfield's tenderness towards children.

Once, on a State Island ferry-boat, he was sitting near a boy who wore a cap with three feathers in it. The child carelessly took off his cap, and, swinging it, knocked the feathers on. "The actor immediately picked them up and gave them to the lad, saying kindly, 'When you are a little older, my boy, you will be more careful of the feathers in your cap.'"

Fear is the secret of propriety.—Miriam Bloch.

Little ideas and big successes never go together.—Sullivan.

Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same.—G. Bernard Shaw.



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Music and Drama

The Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club has decided to go to Winnipeg in April to participate in the Earl Grey competition. The project involves a very considerable expense and it will be necessary to establish a fund to carry it through. An appeal will be made to the city council and possibly a subscription list will also be started. Considering the excellent work which the club has done, it is entitled to every encouragement on the part of the citizens. There is little doubt that if it is able to take its full strength to Winnipeg, it will make a showing there which will do the city proud. A meeting will be held this week to choose the play and the casts.

Word comes from Toronto of a disgraceful occurrence that recently took place there and that is of interest to every person who has been in the habit of attending theatrical performances in a college town. We are just beginning to develop in Edmonton an educational centre and it is sincerely to be hoped that our own university authorities will from the start see to it that such practices as those which have disgraced the student body elsewhere do not get a hold here.

Mr. Edward Terry, one of the most distinguished of English actors, was playing in Toronto when the university undergraduates decided to hold what is called a "theatre night."

They assembled in the top galleries and academic and other dignitaries occupied boxes. "The Magistrate," the bill for the evening, was absolutely spoiled by the turmoil of the students. It was considered, so we are told, too "mushy" in parts and the gods began to make sundry comments. The little music teacher cats an apple—"Give me a bite," was the immediate outcry. The servant has a glass of wine—"Have a beer, old chap, have a beer," is the immediate cry. The waiter had forgotten to bring lemons for the cysters, and the lack is complained of. Immediately a lemon came tumbling on the stage.

Of course this all was considered humor, but Lord help the cause of higher education if this is one of its results. Mr. Terry found it absolutely impossible to proceed owing to the interruptions and had to make an appeal for fair treatment. This the president of the University and the principal of University College seconded from their places in the boxes. But strange to say, the Lieutenant-Governor and the mayor of the city, who were called on for speeches, tried to make themselves solid with student body by expressing approval of their tactics.

An English visitor, a graduate of Oxford University, who was present at the demonstration, expressed himself to the Star in terms of surprise at the scene of rowdiness which prevailed. He stated that what impressed him most forcibly was the students' neglect to respond to Mr. Terry's first appeal for fair play for the ladies.

"Miss Christine Rayner," he said, "who played in the first part of the first act, had a very trying time. Her accent was repeatedly mocked from the gallery, and, during the love passages in her part, remarks of a not too serious nature were tossed. In the second place, I was surprised that Mr. Terry's appeals for order, addressed as they were, to the students' better feelings, were so fruitless of result. Mr. Terry is one of the six or seven most distinguished actors in England, and to endeavor to make his performance—"The Magistrate" (one of his best known parts) impossible, seems utterly senseless. And, thirdly, I was astonished that the students paid so little heed to their principal's admonition not to bring discredit on the University. They certainly calmed down a little after Prof. Maurice Hutton had verbally castigated them, but in an English theatre no professors would have needed to appeal to 'varsity men. If any undergraduates had so misbehaved their fellows would have dealt with them unmercifully."

This visitor expressed surprise at the attitude of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and at the apparent sympathy with the students of Mayor Geary. Asked as to student demonstrations in England, he said: "On boat race night undergraduates make a practice of attending in bodies certain music halls which expressly cater for, and expect a certain amount of noise and horseplay. But no ladies are ever present on these occasions, and I was particularly struck with the disrespect to the many ladies present which the indecorum of last night's proceedings disclosed."

The Toronto World felt called upon to make this editorial reference:

"We trust Mr. Edward Terry will not add to the 'Colonial' reputation of Canada in England by too graphic an account of the proceedings on Tuesday night at the Royal Alexandra theatre, when students of the university conducted themselves like a party of Boxer revolutionists, and for the best part of two acts made the proceedings on the stage inaudible, while the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, after a well-merited rebuke from the stage, actually attempted to justify them. President Falconer and Principal Hutton adopted the tone of gentlemen of the world in dealing with the case, and we are not disposed to judge the pranks of callow youths fresh from the farm too harshly. It would have mattered less had Canadians or Americans, who understand such outbursts, been on the stage, but it was a gross breach of courtesy, and the lack of hospitality so to behave towards an English gentleman like Mr. Terry and his company."

The problem of controlling youths who act in this fashion is one that the heads of colleges and universities everywhere cannot neglect. There is nothing more annoying than to have an evening's entertainment spoiled by a lot of these 'yahoos.' Certainly there is nothing that more discredits the whole cause of higher education in the minds of the mass of the people.

The company figuring in the following from the Winnipeg Free Press played "The Alaskan" in Edmonton some months ago:

The Burgomaster Theatrical company, which played at the Winnipeg last week got out of Winnipeg under some difficulties. The company was on the verge of stranding, and most of the players had to leave some of their personal effects here as security for hotel bills.

Contrary to the usual events that cast a theatrical company upon the shore of difficulties, the Burgomaster company has been exceedingly unfortunate since leaving Vancouver on its trip across the country. In the first place it passed through the blizzards that raged further west a few weeks ago, and lost about half its time and engagements in making this city.

The company got out of the city on schedule time Saturday, and played in Grand Forks Saturday night. Many of the members were allowed to take their baggage, after issuing an order to the hotel proprietors on the Grand Forks box office. Others not so fortunate had to leave their personal effects behind them, as was the case at the Vendome hotel, where the proprietor is guarding the property of four of the thespians until he receives about \$50 owing him for board and lodging.

The company's scenic effects and baggage were forwarded from this city to Grand Forks, and at last reports the company were doing well. Two of the company left the troupe here to go to Chicago.

Mr. C. H. Wheeler, whose musical reminiscences of Winnipeg now being published by Town Topics in that city I have quoted from on several occasions, reached the year 1887 last week.

"Many readers of these reminiscences," he wrote, "will be pleased to see their own names on the list of singers taking part in the Victoria Jubilee celebration, as an event worthy of permanent record." Then follows the list. Possibly the bass and the tenor won't mind, but I am very doubtful as to Mr. Wheeler's placing the tenor and contralto. The Jubilee took place twenty-four years ago next June, and even the lassie of sweet sixteen who participated in the event is apt to be a little touchy on being reminded of it.

Art is not everything. I remember on one occasion having to write the notice of an oratorio. It was a striking success and the conductor came to see me afterwards, bubbling over with enthusiasm. "I'll tell you an interesting thing," he said, "which you should make note of. My father produced this oratorio twenty-two years ago and Miss ——— sang the part then that she did tonight, and I must say she did it as well then as she did just now. It was undoubtedly an artistic triumph, but I couldn't take the chance in calling attention to it."

Many a reasonable object is prejudiced in people's minds by the failure of those setting out to further it to use judgment in applying their ideas. Our own Moral Reform League and Lord's Day Alliance are good ex-

amples of this. By occupying an extreme position on every question that arises they alienate public sympathy which would come to them if they were more disposed to act with moderation. An example of this was furnished in New York the other day by the Gerry society, an organization for the prevention of cruelty to children, than which there could be no better object.

At the performance of the "Konvinkinder" at the Metropolitan Opera House, last week, this philanthropic society interfered with the presentation of this the finest opera of the season on the grounds of the inhuman treatment that was being meted out to the children's chorus.

The New York Post, in commenting upon the incident, said that the interference was entirely unjustifiable and was likely to alienate the sympathy of many of its supporters. The children in the opera had only a few short songs to sing; they were simple, childish songs involving little effort, and the youngsters enjoyed them.

"If," said the Post's critic, "there is cruelty in this, then it is cruelty to animals to give a dog a piece of tenderloin steak."

Miss Marie Hall, the famous violinist who visited us in 1909, was quietly married last week to her business manager, Mr. Edward Baring.

Regina amateurs intend to present "A Country Girl" at the Earl Grey dramatic competition in Winnipeg. An entry from Fort William and two from Toronto are assured.

The Musical Club held a students' day in the Separate School Hall on Saturday, Miss Crawford and Miss Smith being responsible for the programme, which proved a thoroughly delightful one.

At Knox Church, Stratheona, last week a most successful rendition of the cantata "Christ and His Soldiers" was given, the chorus consisting of fifty voices under the capable leadership of Mr. David Jones, who also took the tenor solos. The other soloists were Miss Candy, soprano, Miss Buck, contralto, and Mr. Masters, bass. Mrs. Roberts acted as the accompanist.

WILLED HIS WIFE TO HIS BROTHER.

One of the most peculiar wills ever made has caused a sensation in Hastings. An aged Cornishman who lived there recently was in his last days worried by the thought that his 24-year-old wife would marry a second husband more fitted in years for matrimony than himself. In order to prevent this he penned the following document: "I have not much to leave, but I bequeath my wife, Millie Marjorie, to my poor old brother Bob, together with the whole of my savings—about £500—on the condition that he marries her within two weeks of my decease. Otherwise, upon Robert's refusal, the money and other effects shall go to the first man of over fifty years of age and good character who shall offer Millie a home."

"Poor old Bob," who had recently been left a widower, readily accepted the proposition, and promptly wrote, arranging the date of the suggested union, finishing up with—"write and tell me you are coming, and don't forget to bring the money with you." But the lady had other views. The will did not make any provision in case the conditions were not carried out, and by the time the brother had the way to America with the £500 posted his effusion the lady was on and the choice of her heart.

FORGO? FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

The trustees of the Alexandra Palace, London, have received from a man living in Melbourne, Australia, a money order for \$8. This amount, he writes, is "double the cost of three little books I borrowed from the Alexandra Palace reading room about the year 1878 and failed to return—a thing which I suddenly remembered about a week ago."

NATURE'S HUMOR.

Nature, according to the interpretation of the London Daily Mail, has her little joke sometimes.

An Irish politician was once vociferating sedition among his native hills. In bringing his oration to a stirring conclusion, he shouted:

"What, then, is the remedy for the ills under which we labor?"

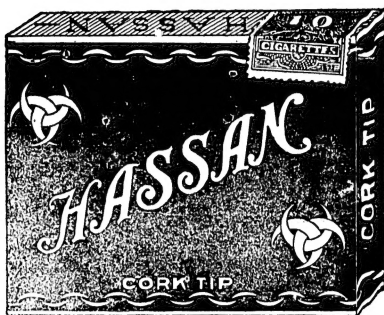
And his native hills answered "Labor."

There is no place in the scheme of things for the disagreeable man or woman except to serve as a warning for others not to become so.—Herald.

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EUROPEAN ESPIONAGE

PROFESSIONAL SPIES; THEN AIMS AND METHODS.

Public attention has been attracted to the way in which various countries spy upon each other by the recent conviction of two British army officers in Germany. The London Daily Express says:

Every continental intelligence department maintains a staff of newspaper readers, who have to peruse all publications on naval and military subjects in all the civilized countries of the world. In this way all the particulars of naval and military estimates and many details of new battleships or fortifications or other preparations for war, are gathered and classified under their respective heads. It frequently happens that information of this kind, which is generally accessible to any vigilant watcher, suggests the need of more complex knowledge on some particular subject and then espionage begins to supplement the operations of the intelligence department.

Supposing, for instance, that some newspaper report contains the information that new fortifications are to be constructed at some new strategic point, one or more secret service agents are instructed to obtain supplementary details concerning the plan of the new works, with the armament with which they will be supplied. Similar efforts are made in the case of new battleships and other military preparations.

All sorts of men are employed in operations of espionage; they include broken-down noblemen, bankrupt business men, professional workers who have lost their means of sustenance, retired civil service officials, and so forth. Women, too, are employed in very many cases where it is thought that they can ferret out information which would be less accessible to male spies.

The work of professional spies is supplemented by special missions undertaken by military and naval officers, who obtain leave of absence for the purpose of getting important information on some subject of particular interest to their own government.

The employment of officers for such duties is often desirable owing to the utter unreliability of professional spies, many of whom are entirely devoid of technical knowledge, and are thus badly equipped for the task of collecting useful information, while those of them who have held commissions in some army or navy frequently utilize their own knowledge of military and naval subjects to invent stories which are quite untrue, but which serve to justify their existence.

Owing to the unconscious or deliberate unreliability of professional spies, it has frequently been necessary for intelligence departments to employ

one set of secret service agents to watch those who are actually engaged in the work of espionage, a very costly mode of procedure. Cases are also on record where spies, while serving their own government, have at the same time betrayed their own country by simultaneously supplying secret information to another power.

Some years ago it was found that the director of an Austrian railway had been betraying military secrets to the Russian government, and his contributions to the knowledge collected in St. Petersburg regarding Austrian military affairs was considered so valuable that he went in and out of the Russian War Office as freely as if it were his own home.

While doing so he exploited his opportunities to obtain information about Russian military plans which he then sold to Austria. He carried on this double treachery for nearly five years before his operations were discovered, and he is now living luxuriously on the profits of his espionage in a third country.

By way of verifying the work of professional spies, three or four different secret service agents are sometimes entrusted with the same task, while one or two more are ordered to watch them and check their results. It is a great mistake to suppose that a military power only practises espionage to obtain information about countries with which it expects to become involved in hostilities.

Quite the contrary is the case, because every intelligence department collects information about the allies of its own country without considering the political situation or the probability of war, so that the fact of the spies of one country operating in the territory of another by no means indicates any unfriendly intentions. It is merely the duty of every intelligence department to be accurately informed regarding the naval and military resources of every possible future enemy, even if the possibility be very remote.

A young woman of Massachusetts is nearly 6 feet four inches tall, weighs 189 pounds and is always in perfect training. What a recruit for the suffragettes!—New York American.

A journal devoted to science asks its readers: "How should women dress?" Seems to us the old-fashioned way of putting on one's outside garment last is about as good as any.

The golden beams of truth and the silver cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or no.—Cudworth.

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A SHADY GRAMMARIAN.

Some Spiritualists were at one time very anxious to persuade the famous novelist, Charles Dickens, to become a Spiritualist. He was on one occasion induced to attend a seance, so that he might be converted to the cult. He was asked whose spirit he would most like to appear, and he said at once, "Lindley Murray." In due course they informed him that the famous master of grammar was in the room. Dickens asked: "Are you Lindley Murray?" and the spirit answered, "I am." All hope of making Charles Dickens a Spiritualist was gone from that moment.—Liverpool Post.

Personal

The annual conversation of the University of Alberta, which took place on Thursday evening of last week, was more of a students' gathering than the year previous. Though there was quite a sprinkling of well-known people from both Edmonton and Strathcona present, the great majority consisted of the undergraduates and their immediate friends. The first part of the evening was devoted to the program in the assembly room, which was of a high order of merit. It included Miss Constance Luck, contralto, Miss Margaret Maguire, pianist, Mr. Gander Brooks, violinist, and Miss Cecil Smith, reader. The last named's college song "Run Run Coyote, Run!" was exceedingly well-told. The soloists gave much genuine pleasure, as did the piano duo by Misses Edna Ching and Clara King, and the selections by Turner's orchestra.

The chairs were cleared away towards eleven o'clock and dancing commenced. This part of the program being inaugurated by a grand march led by Lieut. Governor Bulsey and Mrs. Sifton, Premier Sifton following with Mrs. Bulsey. On the second floor refreshments were served and several attractive setting-out places were provided. The patronesses were Mrs. Bulsey, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Tory, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Broadus, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Kerr.

The fourth Assembly took place at the Hotel Cecil on Friday and was well attended. The arrangements were, as on all the previous occasions, of the best, and the evening passed off most enjoyably.

The Maritime Club holds its annual ball in the Separate School Hall on Feb. 14th. The patronesses are: Mrs. W. O. Farquharson, Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, Mrs. A. D. Grant, Mrs. W. McC. Moore, Mrs. D. H. McKinnon, Mrs. P. G. McSwen.

Dr. Rutherford moved last week into his handsome new residence overlooking the university grounds.

After the regular meeting on Wednesday night of last week, the Medical Association was very hospitably entertained by the retiring president, Dr. R. B. Wells. A paper by Dr. E. K. Broadus was the feature of the regular program for the evening.

Word comes of the death of Mrs. Justin Dean Freeman, wife of the famous Calgary polo player, who was accidentally killed while engaged in a game in California some months ago. Mrs. Freeman, who was living at Blackpool, England, had been in poor health ever since sustaining the shock of her husband's death.

Mr. W. A. Dyer, chief licensee inpector for Alberta since the establishment of the province, has resigned that post, with the intention, it is said, of going into business for himself.

Mr. R. W. Steele, Toronto, representing the Dominion Tea Service Co., is in Edmonton this week in the course of a business trip.

The 10th Alberta Dragoon "A" squadron, will give their next dance on Monday next, 17th inst., in the Separate School Hall.

George P. Smith, M. P. P. of Camrose left last week on a trip to Eastern Canada.

The news of the death from pneumonia of W. D. Allison, barrister of Strathcona, has been received with widespread regret. Mr. Allison came west in 1903 after graduation from Mount Allison University, N.B., to take up the study of law, eventually entering the firm of Griesbach and O'Connor and later forming a partnership with John R. Lavell in Strathcona. He was a native of Sackville, N.B. His sister has been in Edmonton for some weeks past visiting at the home of their aunt, Mrs. C. D. Wolf Macdonald.

Mr. A. E. Ludwig has returned from a business trip to Eastern cities.

Mr. Justice Simmons is holding his first court in Edmonton this week, and was welcomed by Mr. J. C. P. Brown, senior member of the Edmonton Bar, on Tuesday morning.

The Alberta Women's Association will meet on Saturday, February 11th,

at 3 p.m., in the Strathcona Collegiate Institute. After the business meeting the Rev. F. W. Patterson will speak on the movement for International Peace.

The marriage of Mr. Lucien Dube, barrister, of Edmonton, to Miss Marguerite Richard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Auguste Richard, Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, took place on Tuesday of this week in the latter city.

The Musical Club will hold an open meeting on Saturday afternoon of next week in the Separate School Hall at 3.30. An excellent program is being arranged, these participating including Mr. Mortimer Johnson, the distinguished young violinist, Mr. Egan, baritone, Miss Webster, and others. The public will be admitted at this meeting on the payment of a small fee.

Hon. C. R. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell left on Thursday for a month's trip to the East.

Mr. Raymond Brunel started for Montreal on a business visit on Thursday.

It is announced that Lieut.-Col.

Has Bridge Had Its Day?

Two years ago when "Auction" began to find a firm footing in the card-rooms of certain London clubs it was prophesied that the new game would seal the doom of bridge. The prophets, however, omitted to mention that in sealing the doom of bridge, auction was preparing its own downfall.

Bridge had a successful career because it was genial, sociable, and easy-going, and contained just that spice of gambling so dear to the heart of most card-players. Auction lacks all these qualities except the last. It is a heaving, bullying, and nervous racket game with a strong tendency to degenerate into a downright game. Still, in spite of these defects there is a fascination about auction, and those who have once tasted its delights have an appetite left for the tamer fare of ordinary bridge. And this is where the trouble comes in. Many of those who deserted bridge for auction two years ago are now becoming heartily sick of their new plaything, and have nothing to put in its place. Bridge has grown insipid, poker is out of date, and baccarat is illegal as a club game.

Bridge in the Clubs.

There is no census taken of bridge players, and whether their number is increasing or diminishing must be a matter of conjecture rather than of arithmetic. But there are some unmistakable signs that bridge is rapidly falling out of favor, and that its place as a national pastime has not been taken by auction.

Within the past twelve months the London bridge clubs have put up their shutters, and one or two others are in serious difficulties. At one famous card club in the West End, there are only a couple of rubbers in progress every evening, whereas two years ago there were a dozen. At the Portland Club, of course, play is as brisk as ever, but the Portland Club is a unique position in clubland. It is no more an index of what is happening elsewhere than is the M.C.C. members' list a proof of the success of county cricket.

Rivalry of the Motor-Car.

Private bridge seems to be losing its attractiveness just as much as club bridge. The game is no longer ubiquitous. Nowadays one can travel to a race meeting or a regatta without finding the companionship of most of the railway carriages converted into makeshift card-rooms, while three or four years ago not even a punt in a backwater was free from the intrusion of a rubber. Country house visitors still tell the same story. At week-end parties bridge is still played, but it is no longer indispensable. Hosts and guests alike manage somehow to get through the interval between tea and dinner without the assistance of a pack of cards. And, most ominous of all, novelists now write stories in which none of the characters declares "No trumps" or says "Thank you, partner."

In the card-playing world one hears all sorts of explanations of the decline of bridge. The motor-car, roller skating, or even the wickedness of a Radical Government are variously suggested. The most plausible of these explanations is certainly the motor-car. One must be a card-playing fanatic to prefer the atmosphere

Rogers, formerly in command of the 43rd Regiment, Ottawa, is to take up his residence in Edmonton.

Mr. Stanley Scott, son of Mr. W. J. Scott, Strathcona, has been selected as the next Rhodes scholar from Alberta. He is a third year student at Queen's University, Kingston, at present.

The re-election by acclamation of Mr. Justice Stuart as Chancellor of the University of Alberta is a well-deserved honor.

Edmonton had a distinguished visitor on this week in Mr. Robert W. Service, the poet of the Yukon, who went on to Monville to pay a visit to his mother, who has her home there.

Mr. C. Lionel Gibbs was this week elected the representative on the Board of Trade council of the professional section, and Mr. H. W. H. Douglas of the retail merchants' section.

Mrs. Bulsey entertained at luncheon on Thursday, the guests being Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Tory, Mrs. Broadus, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Cautley, Mrs. Dennis, Miss Lindner, Calgary, and Miss Kerr, Calgary.

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The Saturday News

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Edmonton

(Continued on Page Eight.)

THE INVESTOR

Great Activity to the North-west of Edmonton—Everyone Keenly Interested in Oil Possibilities—Large Coal Areas Being Opened up—The Movement to Grande Prairie—Some Property Changes in Edmonton—New Industrial Establishments Assured—Board of Trade's Good Work—The C.P.R. Taxation Case and Effects on C.P.R. Shares—Winnipeg Real Estate Men Urge Inauguration of a Civic-Planning Movement—Some Observations on the Result of a Bank Failure

With the approach of spring the greatest activity is being manifested in everything that pertains to the country to the west and northwest of Edmonton. The interest in the oil possibilities of the Morinville country does not die down. The fact that the C. P. R. has had a drilling outfit here for some time and is known to be keeping its eye on the territory is a considerable factor. Some thirty or forty men are known to have gone out for the purpose of locating new oil fields during the last week. Already some seventy-four square miles of claims have been taken up. There is still nothing definite regarding the alleged strike on the property of the American Canadian Company but as high as fifty cents was being offered for its shares this week.

No one needs to be told what an oil rush means and the public is very much interested in news from the prospective fields. But there is, of course, still very considerable doubt just what the future has in store for them. This is not the case with certain other portions of the great new territory lying beyond Edmonton into which men and money are rapidly moving. The coal industry along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific and south of it will be a large economic factor during the coming season. The branch to the Brazos is being pushed ahead and the fact that it entails most expensive construction, including two large bridges, shows how valuable the coal deposits which will be

reached are considered. Further west in Jasper Park the Collieries company in which Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, the large Spokane capitalist who has been so prominent a figure in Southern Alberta coal-mining development is so largely interested, is ready to make shipments just as soon as the steel reaches the property. This is expected in two or three weeks. Mr. Laidlaw, who was in Edmonton this week, stated that the coal was of excellent quality, containing 7277 per cent, fixed carbon.

So heavy has the movement west become that the Grand Trunk Pacific proposes to start a daily service to Edson about the middle of the month.

Robert Tegler has called tenders for a six-story building to be erected at a cost of \$100,000 on the southeast corner of First and Elizabeth. A departmental store will occupy the first three floors.

The same certainty of development exists in connection with the agricultural areas to be reached by the new line as with the coal properties. The movement to Grande Prairie, though spring is some distance away yet, is gaining strength at a remarkable rate. One day this week no less than twenty-three teams started out together loaded with farming outfits and supplies for the Grand Prairie, going by the Lesser Slave route, that from the railway north not being available as yet. From every point

where the Alberta publicity superintendent has an agent comes word of a large influx a few weeks hence and a very large proportion of the newcomers are anxious to get into the Peace River country.

The recent action of the citizens of Edmonton in purchasing sites that may be used for manufacturing purposes has had immediate effect and many inquiries are reaching the council. The Whitworth Biscuit Company has the offer of a lease of three lots in Beechmont, with option of purchase, on condition of employing 30 hands, while Mr. Wayman who proposes to establish a soap factory, will be similarly dealt with on Kinnaird street, near the C. N. R. tracks. Others who have made inquiries are N. L. Macdonald of St. John, N.B., who has a nail factory in view, the McFarlane Brush-Cleaning Machine Co., and the Edmonton Concrete Co. Contracts have been let for the sinking of two shafts at the property of the St. Albans Collieries.

Cushing Bros. erected their large factory on Nanay Avenue but years ago. Already the property has become so valuable that they have determined to use it for other purposes and have bought six acres in the Hudson's Bay reserve between Eighteenth and Twenty-first and lying to the north of the C. N. R. track, where a new factory building will be erected this year.

Two well known Montreal firms, each with branches in Edmonton, the Ames-Holden and the James McCready Co., have amalgamated, both having been purchased by D. Lorne McGibbon, the young capitalist who has been so prominent a figure in the industrial and commercial life of the Canadian metropolis in recent years. The price for the two concerns is said to be \$1,000,000.

J. L. Bond has assumed the management of the Canadian Rubber Co.'s new branch here.

Z. W. Mitchell of the Loyal Legion Investment Co. has returned from a six months' trip to the Old Country, where he succeeded in interesting considerable capital in this part of the west.

The Magrath-Holgate Co. Ltd., has been formed with a capitalization of \$200,000. The officers are: W. J. Magrath, president and managing director; B. A. Holgate, first vice-president; B. H. Taylor, second vice-president; W. A. Cooney, secretary-treasurer.

The prospect of reciprocity in farm products with the United States is already bringing American business men up here to look over the field. Mr. Herrold and Mr. Leonard, both prominent in the grain business in Seattle, were two visitors to Edmonton this week.

So many inquiries are coming from Montana that the Alberta government's public relations department has opened an information bureau at Great Falls with Mr. C. R. McCracken in charge.

The Winnipeg Free Press reproduces this from its file of twenty years ago:

"The Red Deer townsite is now on the market. The lots range from 7 1/2 to 800. The bridge across the Red Deer is nearly completed."

The feature of the real estate situation during the past week or so has been the activity in subdivision property on the Strathcona side. Beau Park, to the southwest of the city, was sold to English capitalists for a price said to be close to \$100,000. This is at the rate of approximately \$2000 an acre and as Mr. Lendrum, who held it, bought the land some years ago for \$1000 an acre, he has done very well out of it.

The sale was noted last week of the property, owned for some years by Mrs. Cotes, the novelist, known as "The Blue Store," opposite the Northern Crown Bank on Jasper East. The price named was \$20,000. It has now been resold to the Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co. at an advance of \$10,000. The company states its intention of putting up a large block there.

A year ago last November the property on Rice street directly behind the old post office building was bought by an Old Country man, who had never been in Edmonton, for \$15,000 and sold this week for \$25,000.

First street property north of the track is still fairly active. The sale of the corner of Vermilion and First

for \$12,000, this being at the rate of \$240 a foot, was reported this week.

The Pembina Coal Co., controlled by the Western Canada Land Co., will shortly begin the development of its property at Entwistle, for which over a million dollars was paid, and on the developing of which it is proposed to spend another million. Active mining operations will be commenced this summer.

The Edmonton Council has decided to offer Alberta College \$15,000 for the property south of College Avenue between First and McDougall. This includes only the land between the street and the McDougall grade, which is all that is considered desirable for park purposes.

A party of twenty C. N. R. surveyors under A. T. Fraser, has been reported at work in the direction of Peace River out from Lac Ste. Anne.

The Edmonton Jewish congregation proposes to erect a synagogue at the corner of Syndicate and Grierson this year.

Speaking before the Strathcona Council, Mr. E. T. Baines made this

statement: "The people of the west have been under an account of this exemption clause will disappear."

The Privy Council's decision, following the announcement of the C.P.R. directors that the dividend would be put on a ten per cent. basis, has had a very appreciable effect on C.P.R. stock. On Wednesday it went up to 210.

"H. W. J." writes in the Toronto Star: "The loss of money by a large number of shareholders and depositors will not be the most deplorable result of the wrecking of the Farmers Bank. The worst consequences of such a feat of financial piracy is always the wave of cynicism and discontent which it projects over the whole country."

The great majority of people in Canada, as in the rest of the civilized world, are practically slaves to work. Of course work is good for everybody. No one can be happy without it. The wise man recognizes this, and takes all the pleasure he can from doing his work well. But countless thousands toil day by day, year after year, at dull tasks which give no promise of some day blossoming with variety or fresh opportunity. As Wal-

ton to justice. They begin to believe that luxury is only for the "wise," and the word "wise" in the vernacular of the day is coming to mean "rich." Interesting development, isn't it?

So strong has public opinion grown concerning the disparity of justice meted out to low-class and high-class law-breakers, that had W. R. Travers been given twenty-one years in the penitentiary, some people would have considered the sentence rather inadequate. And it is worth noting that the unreasonable criticisms which are heard whenever a bank-wrecker or some other notable robber receives a sentence mark the extent to which cynicism has grown in this country—a matter much more serious than the money losses sustained through the operations of big defalcators.

A considerable number of people will suffer financially by the wrecking of the Farmers Bank. But the robbing of several hundreds of men and women of their savings, while serious enough, is as nothing—if we look at the matter broadly—in comparison to the demoralizing influence this disaster has had upon the whole country in spoiling people's faith in human nature, and in strengthening many misconceptions concerning the path which leads to success.

Not only are men who have grown grey in honesty and unsuccess made discontented by the sight of grafters and plunderers living easy, luxurious lives, but boys just starting out in the world have their ideas perverted by such spectacles. Many a boy remembers the sensational, "clever" operations of a get-rich-quick man longer than he does the fact that the swindler was found out and went to jail. In fighting the evils of modern finance there seems to be a necessity, as in medicine, not for sensational, curative operations, but for preventive medicine.

"I estimate that the total should be 230,000 acres," said Thomas Atcheson, general agent of the C. P. R., when speaking of the crop prospects of the winter wheat for 1911 in Winnipeg the other day. Mr. Atcheson has just returned from an inspection trip in the west and his conclusions are drawn from the conditions which he has witnessed.

"Standing at Calgary," he said, "I examined fields of winter wheat from there to the American boundary. I spent most of the time in the south, as there was the lowest acreage there, and also the chief danger from damage, but I gave the north country a fair examination, having driven out in the country from five different points north of Calgary.

"I estimate that the total should be 230,000 acres. I don't know J. McLean, who is the best authority in the south, says that I am right in my estimate and not an acre above the mark."

"As against this 230,000 acres now in crop there was estimated to be sown for the 1910 crop 138,575 acres, and reaped approximately 115,000 acres."

Mr. Atcheson continued: "In the country north of Calgary to Edmonton, owing to the heavy snow fall it was very difficult to see much of the wheat. In fact it could only be done by going through the fields and uncovering the grain in different places from the snow."

"I found the grain in every field which I examined without exception a good stem, the grain being from three to three and a half inches high, quite strong and healthy."

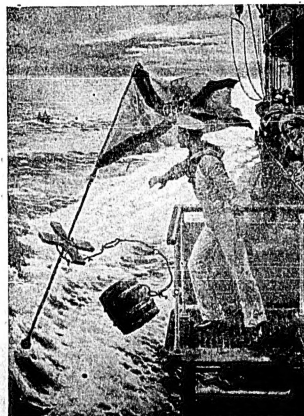
"In all the south country where the 1910 acreage is, about ten days ago there were high winds which not only cleared off the snow, but in the lighter, land blew off the soil, leaving the roots of the winter wheat partially exposed to the weather, and there was considerable anxiety owing to this state of affairs, but fortunately there was a heavy fall of snow without wind, and now all the fields are covered from five to six inches."

"In the Gleichen and other irrigated districts the winter wheat, wherever possible, was flooded heavily with water before the freeze-up, which not only furnished moisture for the spring growth, but made the wheat nearly immune from winter wind storms."

In conclusion Mr. Atcheson said: "The stand at present could not be better, although there was a slight lack of moisture in some places, but if there was a late spring, no heavy frosts after the ground thawed out, and heavy rains in April and May, there was every prospect of a good crop in 1911."

The Winnipeg real estate men have made a move which might well be considered in Edmonton, where the need for action along these lines is still greater than in the Manitoba capital. A deputation of six members of the Real Estate Exchange last week met the city council's Board of Work.

(Continued on page eight)



Copyright, 1910. Published by special arrangement with The Sphere, London. COMMUNICATING WITH A LONELY ISLAND.

There are 121 places on the globe situated in the Atlantic Ocean, named after the Count of Noronha, commander of the ships which first sighted it in 1503. The illustration shows the dropping of the mail from the R.M.S. Amazon for its inhabitants. When a vessel does not call at the island the letters are enclosed in a cask, to which a flag is attached this is flung in the sea in the manner depicted above and left floating until a boat despatched from the solitary island picks it up, thus obviating any stoppage of the vessel. The island of Fernando Noronha lies 125 miles from the eastern extremity of Brazil, to which it belongs, and is about eight miles in length. It lies in the way of the commerce of the world, and is sighted by more ships and visited by fewer than perhaps any other spot on earth. The island is a convict station of the Brazilian Government, about three-fourths of its population of 3,000 being convicts. Females are prohibited from landing there. It is a broken, picturesque volcanic rock in mid-ocean, covered with verdure, including trees of some size, and the top of the main island is covered with small farms.

reference to the good and of the board of Trade.

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen," said Mr. Baines, "It may be news to you that we have received very tangible results from our exhibits. Mr. Porter who had charge of the exhibits called me in this evening, and showed me some letters he had received. One was from a farmer who saw our exhibit at Chicago, came up here and invested \$15,000 in land, bought 40 or 50 cows and is going into the dairy business. Another family from Florida staying in New Westminster at the time of the exhibition, saw our exhibit, came on to Strathcona, each of them bought land at Clover Bar. Two of them are going south this winter and will bring out with them five other families. Their investments will mount up you see into thousands of dollars."

Regret has been general that the C.P.R. taxation case went against the province but, as Mr. Woods explained to the press at the first of the week, the situation is not as bad as the despatches might lead some people to think. Once C.P.R. land is sold, it becomes taxable and the fact that demand for it in all parts of the country where it has up to the present year gone slowly is now becoming so much more rapid, gives assurance that before many years the disability

face from says in one of his bright pieces of topical verse:

The Man at the Desk with patient look

Has followed the rule of his copy-book:

"Early to bed and early to rise!"

Yet he's neither healthy, wealthy nor wise.

Honest, industrious, sober, chafed

To his office cell he has long remained.

Dead of ambition, busy of pen,

Adding up figures for other men.

What do the thousands of honest, hard-working, poor men in the country think when they see prominent citizens lolling in automobiles, yachts, and fine houses, rolling in luxury?

Every kind, spending money all over the community—money which turns out to have been stolen, meanly, impudently stolen, from decent people, who have to earn every dollar they get by drudgery of some kind? What do they think? What can they think? They conclude that there's something wrong with the world. They mistake, but naturally, suspect that practically everybody who has his pockets immediately full of money is a robber who is "getting away with it." They greet with cynical laughter the attempts made to bring big criminals



THE COMING OF THE CHALMERS

WINNER OF THE GLIDDEN TOUR

When you buy a motor car, just what it is that you buy, anyway?

Is it simply so much wheel base, so much steel and iron and rubber and wood finished into motor, transmission frame, wheels, tires, etc? No, what you really buy is a name.

The Chalmers name stands for good design, for the best of materials, for careful expert workmanship, for endurance, reliability, comfort and beauty.

We will have a CHALMERS "31" on exhibition in our garage next week, and invite you to call and inspect it.

EDMONTON GARAGE

124 Rice St.

The BELLAMY Co. Proprietors

IF

If you would be happy, live not in the City with its eternal restlessness. Live in the sunshine of life—in the country—in the pure fresh air.

Get out of the City—get into the sunshine and enjoy life to the full.

A home on the beautiful Goat Estate will give you the health and strength with which to fight the battles of life successfully.

Think over the matter seriously and earnestly—come in and talk it over with us. Remember: We are at your service.

F. C. LOWES

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(Resident Agents: National Union Fire Insurance Company of Pittsburgh)



NOTES BY THE WAY.

It is ten o'clock of the morning, and Toronto is as dark and gloomy as an all-lit cellar. Damp too and as un-wholesome and I am almost constrained, despite the Western Weather Man's tendency to frisk sportively with the thermometer below the zero mark, to wish myself back under the sunny skies of Alberta.

Yesterday there was a veritable blizzard, last night the wind gave us a Wagner opera, and this morning it is as I have told you. A woman may be suspicious yet charming, but the Ontario Weather Man I find tremendously uninteresting.

We have already spent a couple of days in Toronto, very much after the fashion familiar to those of you, who ever since you can remember, have made the Queen City a dropping-off place.

We have a room at one of the big hotels, and dine wherever we have a mind for exclusive of such meals as we have at the houses of friends, this usually means McConkey's.

McConkey's is an institution, as well as being the rounding-up spot where the visitor to town invariably meets this "city friends."

You drop in for lunch, tea, or a late bite. If you are engrossed, or the pennies count, you may go to the general room with the chocolate-colored marble tables—always, by the way, invariably full—and are no sooner seated than someone darts out at you from another near-by table, and this is what they say: "This is too exciting, my dear, but how did you ever get here? Last person I ever expected to see. When can you come and see us," etc., etc., etc.

You say you just came in by train—they are so advanced here, they seem rather to expect it was by aeroplane—You explain that you just thought you'd run down for a sight of the old town, or that you had business, or whatever lie or truth you wish to convey, and having made an appointment to meet at an early date, you both return, happily or disgruntled, to your cold coffee.

One is almost invariably glad to see old friends or acquaintances, but there are times and occasions, when it is not convenient to run across everyone all at once. Meetings imply early obligations, and the joy, yes, and pain I suppose, of a big city, is that one can lose oneself in its capacious arms. If you are feeling fairly wealthy, you pass by the delights of a Bohemian lunch, and make your way instead to the Palm Room, or upstairs, where you have greater privacy, table cloths and napkins, and more pretentious surroundings generally.

You probably get the same lunch, and almost as certainly are discovered by your friends; if you are at all interested in human nature, you may, however, study more at your leisure, your brother man and live up-to-date.

Give us, I suppose, Eve everywhere; but your Toronto Eve is a temptress with a few extra saucy bows, and a little shinier patent leathers, than just the common everyday variety of girl. Eaton and Simpson mostly make her possible. Some people eat to live, but the great mass of Torontonians live by Eaton—this is a pun and you catch it if you say it fast, like "Eatin'." You know as well as if you saw the slender contents of their huge pocket-books, hand-bags is more like it—that at least one-half of the attractive looking girls you see drop in to McConkey's, just to get for the common touch it seems to give them, with the more prosperous classes, but they make a brave appearance, if they do order only coffee and rolls.

The Palm Room is dedicated rather to quiet business chats over the tea-cups, but the old sports about town also find it a pleasant rendezvous for a quiet flirtation. There are a great many foolish old groats in Toronto.

Coming from Winnipeg, one is struck by the veritable army of hangers-on in hotel corridors, down-at-the-elbow adventurers, and ruddier men generally who seem to be floating about here. In the West our men at least appear to be doing something, and if, as Easterners tell me, we are intoxicated with hope and fatuous as regards values, at least these failings keep us young and active, and I could pray that if we are deluded, we are allowed to remain so. There

are worse things than hitching one's wagons to a star.

In Winnipeg, by the way, they have a new religion, Ralph Connorism. I don't know in the least what it's like, but in my book of picture post-cards I see "Ralph Connor's Church."

I suppose not to know Ralph Connor's religion argues myself unknown to church-going—but I was wondering if, as a stranger in town, I wanted to go to church, and Ralph Connor's Church was nearest, I should dare to go in. What sect did this church originally belong to, before its parishioners allowed its name to



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VISCOUNT MORLEY.

A recent portrait of the celebrated philosopher and historian who has also proved an admirable administrator or as Secretary of State for India in the Asquith Cabinet.

be lost, and that of this author-preacher raised in its stead?

What poor ignorant creatures, centuries ago, raised into themselves a golden idol? Are their descendants, who allow the House of the Lord to be known as "Ralph Connor's Church" very much better?

A little less of men and a great deal more of God in the churches, would help a great deal.

Sometimes I go up to big departmental stores and watch the people at the soda-water fountains ruining their Little Marys.

Prohibitive prices for ice-cream and other frozen delights have their advantages. In the West the cult of the soda-water fountain has never made much progress, but here, where one may purchase any of a hundred indigestibles for a nickel, the doctors are reaping a splendid harvest. Half of the employees of these shops, to say nothing of hundreds of shoppers, seem to make their meals off "Peach-Sundae," "John Doe's," etc. Call them what you will, by any other name they would be equally indigestible. To see a girl with a fine clear complexion is something in the nature of a discovery.

In a city, even as large as Toronto, shopping develops into an art. It is amusing to watch even the children in the stores, haggling over, and discussing prices and bargains. From the little tots up, even a stupid stranger could readily pick out the city purveyors, and visitors from out-of-town. One knows all the snaps and the doors to go in, and the place, to get them, while the tenderfoot has to interrogate floor walkers and walk miles to arrive at her destination. Then of course most of the "snaps" have disappeared.

I had hoped that some really fine things would be on at the theatres

while I was here, but Edward Terry is the only attraction so far. I am going to see him one day this week. Each night he puts on a new play and is drawing bumper houses.

Speaking earlier in this letter of a big city being a place to lose oneself in, reminds me of the number of people in reduced circumstances, person or seen, in these few days here, who ally known to me, I have heard of, have come to Toronto to begin all over again. Why there must be thousands of them. Gentle, well-educated girls who are working as stenographers, mothers in charge of departments in the larger stores, women taking in sewing, renting rooms, doing any, and everything they can find, to keep body and soul together. One friend alone, named me dozens of people I had known in affluent circumstances, who are to-day satisfied to eke out a bare existence. Their house-keeping is done in the very early hours, and after six. By eight, all must be at their places of employment. It isn't much of a life, is it, for delicately nurtured women, no

ROMANCES OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

There is much that is romantic in the history of the Bank of England. Had it not been for a clever director the bank would have probably suffered a fatal reverse about a century ago. A panic occurred among the bank-note holders, and spread to an alarming extent almost before the bank people became aware of what was going on. One morning, just after the opening of the bank, an angry and excited crowd thronged the street demanding cash for their notes. There was, it is said, actually double the money in notes in the hands of the mob than there was gold in the coffers of the institution, a circumstance that, naturally enough, presented a predicament of a bad sort. Gold must be got for every claimant, and that would take time. The directors sent employees with notes into the crowd, whose claims were met first, each being paid in sixpences and shillings. Many men walked away with sacks of shillings over their backs, satisfied; and the time gained by this method of paying saved the bank, every claim being paid.

It is said that but one person has ever succeeded in breaking into the bank. One day, rather more than thirty years ago, the directors received an anonymous letter stating that the writer thereof would meet any person the bank might designate in the bullion-rooms at midnight, upon condition, however, that the individual so named be not armed. At first, of course, it was thought this unique suggestion was a hoax. But, as a precaution, officers searched the bullion-vaults thoroughly to satisfy themselves that nothing had chanced that would enable any man to enter those rooms. They waited throughout the night, but beyond hearing a peculiar scraping sound that they attributed to rats, nothing of a suspicious nature was heard or seen.

A week later, however, the directors were staggered at receiving a box in which lay several securities from the bank vaults. There was also a note stating that if the directors would send a man to the vaults at midnight the writer would meet him there, after having broken in from the outside.

So a number of bank employees went down into the vaults at the appointed hour and waited. Finally the scraping noise was again heard, and a light appeared at one end of the vaults. The light, however, vanished on their approach. Then a man's voice, issuing, as it seemed, from the ground right under their feet, commanded them to put out their lanterns, and the speaker would reveal himself. The lanterns were extinguished, and a man carrying a dark-lantern came on the scene. He explained that he was a sewer cleaner, and that he had discovered a disused drain that ran directly into the bank vaults. He had stolen nothing, so the bank gave him a reward which, it is said, ran into the thousands.

When one enters the Bank of England, no matter by what door, four pairs of eyes watch him, though he is unaware of the fact. Situated close to the doors are recesses in which are secreted four guardians of the institution. One cannot see them, but they can watch one closely with the aid of reflecting mirrors, affording a view of both one's entrance and one's exit, as well as of every movement made from the time of entrance to the time of departure.

A LIVE ONE.

A West End dealer in stuffed animals, who also keeps a few live creatures for sale, gave his clerk permission to sell the stuffed specimens, but wished to be called if any one wanted any of the live animals.

One day a gentleman called and asked to see a monkey. "Any of these?" asked the clerk, pointing to the stuffed specimens. "No! I want a live one," replied the customer.

The boy stepped to the door of the back shop and called to the owner: "Step this way, sir, please, you're wanted!"—Idax.

MARKED THE SPOT.

It was in the Burnt Woods Park last summer that a man hired a boat. For almost the entire hour that he was allowed he cruised around the little lake, and then suddenly pulled for shore.

"I lost my watch overboard," he shouted, as he neared the landing stage.

"Where?" asked the waterman. "Right here," returned the one in the boat. And, pointing to a deep cut in the side of the craft. "I cut a notch right where she went over."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The People of Edmonton will find in the
IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA
Well-equipped Savings Department
Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1 and upwards). Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit. All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.
A special room is provided for women.
Married women and minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.
Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000.00 Capital Subscribed, \$2,500,000.00
Paid Up, \$5,575,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,575,000.00
Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall & Jasper
Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West
Your Savings Account is solicited
G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

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ROBERT MAYS Room 5, Crystal Block
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A QUALITY CAFE
LEWIS' CAFE is bright, cosy and warm.
Just the place to go for a Dinner Party or after the Theatre.
"IT'S THE COOKING"
Lewis' Cafe
Orpheum Entrance Jasper East

To Edmonton Subscribers of The Saturday News:

The problem of a delivery service is one of the most difficult that a newspaper has to grapple with. Every effort has been made to make that of the Saturday News thoroughly efficient and the management would deem it a favor if subscribers would immediately notify the office when their paper does not arrive on Friday. This is the only means by which it can remedy deficiencies.

Telephone - - - 1961

HELPLESS CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM

Five Boxes Of "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her

4 HOME PLACE, TORONTO, DEC. 15th, 1909.

"I was a terrible sufferer from Rheumatism for nearly a year, and my right arm was swollen and the pain was fearful. All down the right side, the pain was dreadful, and I could hardly move for the agony. I was treated by two physicians but their medicine did me no good, and I tried numerous other remedies but received no benefit. I was simply a helpless cripple and suffered from Rheumatism all during last winter.

I saw "Fruit-a-lives" advertised in "The Telegram" and decided to try this remedy. After I had taken one box, I was much better and the pain less, and I continued the treatment with good hopes. When I had taken three boxes, I was so well that I could use my arm again and the pain was practically gone. After I had taken five boxes, I was entirely well again—no pain—no suffering—and now I am as WELL as I ever was.

The cure of my case by "Fruit-a-lives" was indeed splendid because all the doctors failed to even relieve me of my sufferings.

For the sake of others who may suffer from this terrible disease, Rheumatism, I give you permission to publish this statement."

Mrs. LIZZIE BAXTER.

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only remedy that actually cures Rheumatism, and Sciatica because "Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine that actually prevents Uric Acid being formed in any quantity in the body. If there is no excess of uric acid in the blood, there can be no Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-lives" keeps the stomach clean—the liver active—the bowels regular—the kidney strong and the skin healthy. These are the organs that rid the body of all waste. When "Fruit-a-lives" so regulates the system that all waste is eliminated, then there can be no waste or "uric" to be changed into uric acid. Thus, there can be no uric acid in the blood, to inflame nerves and cause the pain which we know by the names of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia. "Fruit-a-lives" will cure every trace of Rheumatism, Pain In The Back, Swollen Hands and Feet, and other troubles due to the blood being poisoned by uric acid.

If you are subject to Rheumatism, cure yourself now with "Fruit-a-lives" and be free of pain this winter.

30c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.



Last week I referred to the fact that Edmonton had in Mr. H. B. Round a perfect double for the Duke of Connaught, if the latter's portraits speak him true. Mr. P. H. Belcher's striking resemblance to His late Majesty, King Edward VII was often noted. A familiar painting of Major-General James Wolfe might easily be taken for Major Griesbach in eighteenth century uniform. An official down at the government buildings is Winston Churchill to the life. And the list could without much trouble be extended.

An Edmonton man has a brother who is a well known newspaper man in Toronto. He looks not unlike George V, has at least the same colored hair and wears his beard the same way. When the King was in Canada ten years ago, the journalist in question was one of those assigned to do the western tour for his paper. A special newspaper train with the correspondents went ahead of that carrying royalty. One day when it drew up at the station of a small town, the mayor and aldermen and the mass of citizens were assembled on the platform waiting eagerly for the Prince. They assumed that the first train was his. The fair-haired journalist was the first to jump off. The mayor, who had made up his mind not to be at all backward in the presence of royalty, rushed up to him and in most effusive terms began his address of welcome to the heir to the throne. He had gone a fair distance when the merriment of the other scribblers who had come on the scene showed him that there was something wrong. Explanations followed, but since that day Canada has had a "Duke" of whom the majority of people know not.

The Toronto Star has these observations to make which will be appreciated by every westerner:

In one of his letters to the London Daily Mail, Mr. William Maxwell, who is now in Canada, discusses fruit-growing in British Columbia and argues that orchards ten acres in size are large enough for newcomers to take up. He proceeds:

"In some districts nature and competition have set the limits already. Farmers of the Okanagan Valley tell the story of a visitor to Nelson, who, passing one day along the shores of the lake, saw a whirlwind of dust on the road, and found in the centre of it a Kootenay farmer, who swore 'that this was the third time that day he had fallen out of his orchard.' This is too bad! Here is spoiled the Great Story of the Pacific Slope. Not a word to show how or why the man fell out of the orchard—not a word about the steep mountain side, no description of the manner in which he bumped and bounced down the incline, clutching with his hands, clinging in with his toes or heels, reluctant to leave his hanging orchard, but unable to resist the law of gravity. One might suppose from Mr. Maxwell's version that the man fell out of the orchard because it was too small to hold him, instead of being too steep to cling to after his foot had slipped.

Can it be possible that Mr. Maxwell did not see the point? There will be grief in Golden, fury in Field, and cussing in Kamloops when the Englishman's version of this story reaches the West—a story which is told with delight by every adult between Winnipeg and Vancouver. This story may be said to comprise the native literature of a region twice the size of Europe, and Mr. Maxwell has bungled it.

When a Toronto man crosses the continent a second time he watches for the story. Whenever he is alone with anyone in the smoking compartment of the fast train, on a hotel veranda, or at a railway station, the other will look him over anxiously and some such conversation as this will result: "They tell a pretty good story—perhaps you haven't heard it—" "Falling out of orchard?" enquires the Toronto man menacingly. "Oh, you've heard it," this is said re-

gretfully. "Yes, I enjoyed it for years."

And now Mr. Maxwell has spoiled it. The population of a country twice the size of Europe will now have an excuse for telling the correct version of it to everybody. The British Columbia Government should offer a prize to anybody who will get up a new story—or tourist travel will fall off.

The suggestion is a good one for other parts of the west than the Okanagan. The Lounger would be glad to help in the good work for Edmonton. It takes a courageous man nowadays to get off that old yarn about Donald Ross telling the man who didn't like his hotel that he had better go on to the next one—at Portage la Prairie. Even some of Matthew Macaulay's are becoming a trifle thread-bare.

The following announcement in the Berliner Tageblatt publishes the troubles of an incomparable woman: "A young lady of a highly esteemed and noble family, as beautiful as Helen, as thrifty as Penelope, as economical as the Electress Marianne of Brandenburg, as sprightly as Madame

he was ready to deliver my watch. His master clock has a 39.1 inch pendulum, so it ticks seconds. Each of the first fifty-five ticks in each minute is announced by a telegraph sounder in the clock, then the last five seconds are silent. The watchmaker rested a camel's hair brush on the balance wheel of the watch to stop it, then set all the hands, hour, minute and second, at 4:06:00 and waited. When the silence of the sounder indicated 4:06:55 he got ready, and five seconds later, on the first tick of 4:06, he lifted the brush and the watch started. By looking at the second hand with a glass and listening to the clock announcer I proved their identicalness except for the time it took for the sound to travel from the clock to my ear."—New York Sun.

Think of the advantage he must have in arguing with his wife as to whether he was home to dinner in time or not.

A MOTION, BUT NO STONDER.

President Johnson, the successor of Lincoln, was an accomplished orator. He had a calm, assured way of talking, which gave the most startling remarks authority. In his valuable



DISOWNED OR DISARMED?

Lord Lansdowne (Reformer): "Look here, my good man, there's no place for you in my scheme." "Backwoods" Peer: "Oh, I say, you're worse than Asquith; he says I may stay on if I don't throw the full force of my influence on the radical side at these elections."—Punch.

de Stael, a singer like Adelle. Brevai, a dancer like La Cerito, a pianist like Rosa Kastner, a violinist like Teresita Malinollo, a harpist like La Bertrand, a sculptor like Princess Marie d'Orleans, as austere as Lucrece, as charitable as Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, as devout as Nightingale, having at command a large fortune, lacking masculine acquaintances, seeks a husband by the newspaper agency."

What shall we say her nerve was like?

The author of "Pat McCarty," a recent book of verse with a setting of prose, shows how naturally some of the Irishmen of Antrim dig into the wine of narrative with the water of verbiage. In the excerpt below—"The Way We Tell a Story"—the diluent is used with a particularly free hand:

Says I to him, I says, says I, Says I to him, I says, The thing, says I, I says to him, It's just, says I, this ways, I hev, says I, a gret respect For you and for your breed, And anything I cud, I says, I'd do, I wud indeed, I don't know any man, I says, I'd do it for, says I, As fast, I says, as for yourself, That's tellin' ye no lie. There's nought, says I, I wudn't do To place your feyther's son, But this, I says, ye see, says I, I says, it can't be done.

The opera was "Trovatore." "Though I no more may hold thee, Yet is thy name a spell." sang the basso to the prima donna. And it was. Her name was Sophronia Czechlinskiwicz.—Judge's Library.

"The jeweller set my watch within a thousandth part of a second when he gave it to me today," said the man with a new time-piece, "and this is how he did it: "He has a clock wired with the big chronometer at Washington. At 4 p.m. this clock was corrected to the thousandth part of a second. At 4:05

book of reminiscences, "Through Five Administrations," William H. Crook gives a story which illustrates both the magnetic quality of the man and his fearlessness.

It was in the early days of the struggle in Tennessee, when he was hated by the whole secession element. He was to address a meeting in the Town Hall. He had been informed by good authority that half a dozen men were ready to shoot him as soon as he appeared before the audience. When he appeared on the platform he advanced to the speaker's stand. Something held the crowd to silence while he deliberately pulled a pistol out of his pocket. He laid it on the table while a spellbound crowd hung on his movements. Then at last he spoke.

"I understand," he said, in his placid way, "that the first business before the meeting is to shoot me. I move that the meeting proceed to business."

During the few minutes that he scanned the audience there was breathless silence. At last, when no one moved, he began his address in rather a disappointed manner.

INVINCIBLE MODESTY.

Modesty was a prominent feature in the character of the eminent physicist, J. Willard Gibbs, for many years professor of mathematical physics at Yale. He had a just appreciation of the value of his own discoveries, says the author of the biographical sketch of Professor Gibbs contained in "Leading American Men of Science," but shrank from any form of praise or publicity.

In 1901 the Copley Medal of the Royal Society of London, which is awarded for the most important scientific work done in any country, was given to Mr. Gibbs. He deprecated the congratulations of his friends who had read the announcement.

"Better not say anything about it," he urged. "Very likely it is an error."

It is by believing in, loving, and following illimitable ideals that a man

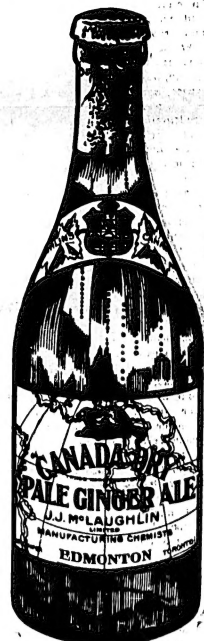


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The Retirement of a Great Sailor

The retirement of Lord Fisher from the navy on reaching the 'three-score-and-ten' age limit, terminates the active career of a celebrated sailor, and a very remarkable man. 'Jacky,' as his sailors loved to call him, was, and is, a strong and honest advocate of peace, but his characteristic ideas of the best means of maintaining it. He attended the Hague conference in 1899, and somewhat scandalized his colleagues by telling them that their pretty plans for the 'humanizing of war' were nonsense. "The humanizing of war!" he afterwards exclaimed: "you might as well talk of humanizing hell. When a silly ass at the Hague got up and talked about the amenities of civilized warfare, and putting your prisoners' feet in hot water and giving them gruel, my reply, I regret to say, was considered totally unfit for publication. As if war could be civilized! If I am in command when war breaks out, I shall issue as my orders: 'The essence of war is violence. Moderation in war is impracticable. Hit first, hit hard, and hit any where.' In somewhat similar spirit he said to his friend, Mr. Stead: 'I am not for war; I am for peace. That is why I am for a supreme navy. Did I not write in your autograph book at the Hague 'The supremacy of the British navy is the best security for the peace of the world.' My sole object is peace. What you call my truculence is all for peace. If you rub it in both at home and abroad that you are ready for war with any unit of your strength in the first line, and intend to be first in . . . and hold your prisoners in oil (if you take any) . . . then people will keep clear of you.' Much of this was, of course, grimly playful exaggeration. In private life, Lord Fisher, like a large proportion of sailors, was simply and genuinely religious, and was among the gentlest and kindest of men.

When, in 1899, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, war was breaking out in South Africa, and there was imminent danger that a spark from the African conflagration might set off the ever-ready European magazine. Fisher threw himself into the task of making his fleet just as perfect an instrument as a fleet could be. He succeeded in rendering it less an agglomeration of ships and men than a part of his own personality. Mr. Stead says: "He increased its strength and astonished the whole Mediterranean fleet to the appointed trysting place exactly to time, without a single lame duck to be accounted for. The impression made in Europe by the existence of this immense mobile force—an Armada constantly cleared for action in the Mediterranean, under the direction of a great naval commander—was probably one of the causes which made for peace, when more than one overture was made to unfriendly governments to sue for peace." Fisher was appointed First Sea Lord of the Admiralty by the Conservative Government in 1894, and was retained in the same important position of trust by the Campbell-Bannerman Government in 1906. He held it until just a year ago, January 25, 1910. With him the position was no 'mere sinecure.' Though no longer at sea, he continued to live with his ships. He installed wireless telegraphy in the Admiralty buildings, and was able to keep in touch with his captains from Malta on the one hand to half-way across the Atlantic on the other. Thus he was practically the brain of the 'far flung battle line' of the navy, and if war had broken out could have personally directed operations in the Western Sea.

The word pronounced on those of whom all men speak well could never have fallen to John Fisher. He was abashed, and his various replies scattered at in many different quarters. Mr. McKenna said in the House of Commons: "His work has involved the making of enemies wholesale. Supposing he has made only ten enemies a day for four years, there is mobilized against him today an army of 4,000 detractors. He has forced the laborers in the dock yards to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. They formerly idled. He has doubled the work of naval officers. He has forced captains to keep their ships in repair. He has revolutionized the system of naval education. He has redressed the standing grievance of the engineers. Sir John Fisher has antagonized every mother, who, sending her son into the navy, fears that her boy may become a 'greater' nearly every officer of our efficient body of marines is an avowed or po-

tential opponent to the Fisher system. The Consuls and Governors of colonies are against him because he withdrew the insignia of British rule from distant seas. The scrapping of more than 150 ships created untold enmity wherever Britons are gathered together." All of these reforms, including the scrapping of the obsolete ships, were, according to competent critics, in the interest of the best efficiency. The four outstanding reforms of which he is the author are summarized by Mr. Stead as follows: (1) The introduction of the nucleus crew system. (2) The redistribution of the fleets in accordance with modern requirements. (3) The elimination of inefficient fighting vessels from the active list of the navy. (4) The introduction of the all-big-gun type of battleship and battleship cruiser. By the nucleus crew system, all available ships of war are ready for instant mobilization. Besides these cardinal reforms, there is a long list of others making for the efficiency of the navy and the improvement of the lot of officers and men. All this was achieved 'not only without any increase of the estimates, but in spite of a reduction which amounted to nearly five millions sterling—three and a half millions actual and one and a half millions automatic increase checked.' Good people look forward to a time when wars shall be abolished, and when the present disastrous expenditure upon armies and armaments will be done away with. The patriotism, the courage, the strong sense of duty, the energy, the striving for efficiency of men like Fisher will, however, never be obsolete, but will find new and greater fields of service for the nations of the world.

THE INVESTOR.

(Continued from Page Five.)

to discuss a scheme for city planning. The delegation consisted of C. D. Sheppard, William Pearson, W. H. Gardner, G. F. R. Harris, W. L. Ball and H. Edwards. William Pearson presented the ideas of the Exchange, and Mayor Evans, who replied, was equally enthusiastic as to the benefits of a plan to appoint a city planning commission. As a result of the meeting it is certain that a commission will be appointed, consisting of representatives from various organizations in the city who are interested, and it is possible that an invitation for co-operation will be extended to the various municipalities adjoining the city.

It was pointed out by the speakers that Winnipeg is not growing by its development, but by its accretion. No thought is ever given to the future. The city is not only throwing its future to the winds but is selling its birthright of future splendor for that miserable mess of pottage—present day profits. They pointed out that a great and beautiful city is no more possible without civic architecture than is a great building without design or a great institution without plans, method, order or purpose.

A great city has been thrown together here in a generation by its energy, enterprise and courage of its citizens, but it has been thrown together rather than built. There exists in Winnipeg no such thing as civic organization. This city is merely a conglomerate aggregation of individual enterprises, a huge piece of municipal patchwork, without any unity of purpose and with absolutely no definite plans for the future.

Winnipeg vitally needs a city plan committee, they said. Land is cheap here now. Very little rebuilding is as yet necessary. There are no congested and hideously unhealthful poor quarters. An ideal system of streets, boulevards, drives, parks and playgrounds is easily possible. The manufacturing district is yet to be. It can be created now and according to the most modern ideas of comfort and sanitation and permanent elegance. The residence districts for the working people can be developed in accordance with the most advanced hygienic and aesthetic standards. All that Europe has learned of the science of city building can be applied to Winnipeg if only this city had a city plan committee.

Edmonton's future is quite as well assured as Winnipeg's. Would we not be large gainers by making such a move now instead of waiting till we had attained to Winnipeg's proportions?

HAS BRIDGE HAD ITS DAY?

(Continued from page four.)

he invented with all the popular qualities of bridge? Enthusiasts who have played vint—a Russian game which is really the parent of both bridge and anotion—tell us that it is the latest game in existence, and that it could be introduced into England it would attract more followers than bridge ever did, even in its most palmy days. There is no room here to describe the details of vint. It is assuredly a more spacious game than bridge, among other lordly features, four honors in trumps scoring 2,000 above the line!—London Daily Mail.



SHOP!
The Fair Purchaser: "Your eggs are all very small, to-day, Mr. Jones."
Mr. Jones: "Yes'm, they are, but I'm sure I don't know the reason."
The Fair Purchaser: "Oh, I expect you took them out of the nests too soon!"—The Sketch.

EVEN AS YOU AND I.

Ten good resolutions standing in a line;
Our hero stepped upon a tack, and then there were nine.

Nine good resolutions; our hero stayed out late—
"A poor sick friend," was his excuse—then there were eight.

Eight good resolutions, with a little leaven;
A poker party with the "boys," then there were seven.

Seven good resolutions, barely half alive.
"Oh, what's the use?" our hero asked; then there were five.

Five good resolutions as nervous as could be;
Our hero lighted a cigar, then there were three.

Three good resolutions, wearing crepe and rue;
Our hero shook the "bones" for beers, then there were two.

Two good resolutions! When the play was done,
A lobster supper served for two; then there was one.

One good resolution out for air and sun;
The Water Wagon ran away, then there was none.
—John N. Hillard, in Judge.

KILLING A BUFFALO.

"The mind of man can hardly imagine the hardness of an old buffalo's skull, with clay and mud imbedded in the wool," said Scott Cummings, an old buffalo hunter. "I came hunting down in Oklahoma from Wellington, Kan., when this was still a buffalo range. As we drove up on a slight elevation near a sand creek we saw a lone buffalo, a straggler, down the creek. He was feeding quietly, and as the wind was in our favor he did not observe us. We pulled off down into a small ravine that led to the creek. Handing the reins to my companion, who was very dead, I picked up my Spencer carbine, which had seven cartridges in its magazine. 'I alighted from the wagon and skulked down the swale, and getting down on hands and knees I crawled up through rank tall grass until within about a hundred yards of the unsuspecting animal. Then I took a deliberate aim at a point behind his shoulder blade and fired. 'My aim was good and he fell with a thud. Anxious to stick him I

started forward. Instantly he was on his feet and coming forward toward me, jumping stiff legged in the manner of a bucking bronco. Every hair on him seemed turned the wrong way; he certainly looked vicious.

"Then came my real surprise. When the old bull was about twenty feet from me I cut loose and hit him squarely between the eyes. The 50 calibre bullet glanced aside and went singing across the hills as if it had struck a chunk of Bessemer steel.

"The bull kept coming and I saw that I was in for a big lot of trouble. I tried vainly to dodge the monster, and in a moment he struck me like a battering ram. I have a faint recol-



NOTICE TO STEAM ENGINEERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an examination will be held by David Fraser, a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers for the Province of Alberta, at

Strathcona	March 4	Orange Hall
Fort Saskatchewan	March 6	Queen's Hotel
Bruderheim	March 7	Victoria Hotel
Lamont	March 8	Windsor Hotel
Mundare	March 9	Mundare Hotel
Vegreville	March 10	Queen's Hotel
Innisfree	March 11	Alberta Hotel
Mannville	March 13	Alberta Hotel
Vermilion	March 14	Brunswick Hotel
Kitscoty	March 15	Hotel
Lloydminster	March 16	Britannia Hotel
Tofield	March 20	Queen's Hotel
Holden	March 21	Hotel
Viking	March 23	King Edward Hotel
Wainwright	March 25	Wainwright Hotel
Stoney Plain	March 27	Bismarck Hotel
Morinville	March 29	Morinville Hotel
Edmonton	April 1	Houston's Hall

at 9 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for Certificates under the provisions of the Steam Boilers Act, 1906.

Application forms may be obtained on application to the Department or to the above-named Inspector, and must be properly filled out, witnessed, and declared to before a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace, before an examination can be granted.

The Fall examinations will be discontinued.
JOHN STOCKS,
Deputy Minister.

Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alberta.

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Wash Stand for \$2.75
All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at \$2.75
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THE NEW HOME OF THE DETROITED KING OF PORTUGAL—WOOD NOTKIN, ENG., WHERE KING MANUEL WILL LIVE.
This picture shows the principal front of the beautiful mansion.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.—Horace Mann.
Despite the cold weather the young ladies in the fancy work department of Little's Book Store have been very busy doing stamping on linen, etc., for embroidery.

WORKED WONDERS IN THIS CASE

Rheumatism and Weak Heart Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The doctor helped Mrs. Stephen Roy, but there was no complete cure till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Rock Mills, Gray Co., Ont., Feb. 6.—(Special)—"I must say Dodd's Kidney Pills worked wonders in my

case," says Mrs. Stephen Roy of this place. "I suffered with Rheumatism in my right arm, and though I tried several remedies the swelling increased and was very painful. My hands and limbs were also badly swollen.

"I got a doctor and he helped me, but the swelling never entirely left. He said it was because my heart was weak. Then I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and, as I said before, they worked wonders."

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